

## The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.  
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 53 Park Row.  
J. Angus Shaw, Treasurer, 53 Park Row.  
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 53 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
Subscription Rates: The Evening World for the United States and Canada.  
One Year.....\$2.50  
One Month.....\$0.25  
All Countries in the International Postal Union.  
One Year.....\$3.75  
One Month.....\$0.35

VOLUME 54.....NO. 19,238

## WHO THINKS FOR MEXICO?

THE crux of this conflict is the Mexican mind. The censorship established by Huerta is strict to a degree inconceivable to the people of this country. A despatch mailed to Havana last week stated that the de facto President "had concealed even from his intimates all knowledge of strained relations between Mexico and the United States," and that "the general public was even more in the dark, since the press controlled by the Government published columns of glowing accounts of victories gained by the Federal armies in the north."

Shortly before the serious break in the relations of the two countries, Nelson O'Shaughnessy, the messenger of the United States Government to Huerta, declared that "more than 99 per cent. of the Mexican residents in the Federal capital went about their affairs in total ignorance of the crisis."

We proclaim our friendship and good will toward the Mexican people. Who are the Mexican people?

Despite all her troubles, Mexico still claims to be a republic with a quasi-representative government. Where is public opinion in Mexico? Shall we seek it among the 3,000,000 who can read and write or among the 12,000,000 who cannot? Shall we seek it among the 3,000,000 whites, or among the 5,000,000 Indians, or among the 6,000,000 half-breeds? Shall we seek it among the 3,500,000 who pay taxes or among the peons, many of whom have never seen a piece of money?

Who has any permanent hold on such public sentiment as may exist? Huerta, Villa, Carranza or some unknown figure who will emerge in the present crisis?

A few years ago there were 450 newspapers and periodicals published in Mexico. How far do they influence popular thought, even when the censor loosens his grip?

Is there any conceivable way we can get at public opinion in Mexico, convince it of our honor and good faith, strengthen it, educate it, induce it to act for its own good and repudiate the Huerta type of head?

Or has Mexico no real mind? If so, the outlook would be grave indeed. Over a territory of 765,000 square miles, among a population of born fighters already at odds with one another, deceived, deluded by their leaders, kept in a state of ignorance and suspicion, conflict might well be long and costly.

When we discover the full measure of the task we have undertaken will it prove to be a conquest of enlightenment?

The Aldermen are up in arms because Gov. Glyn has approved bills which take away the Board's authority in various directions—notably its power to regulate traffic and building.

Hard luck! For the first time in years the city has a Board of Aldermen that shows signs of self-respect, intelligence and seal for the public good. Is this the moment to clip its powers and humble its pride?

## LET US HAVE NO WAR DANCES.

PATRIOTISM sounds its call in various keys. But we doubt if its best interests are served by open air rough-house antics of Columbia undergraduates who blow tin horns and cry: "Down with the Greasers! We want war!"

If the nation is supposed to understand anything it is the emphatic protests of Congress and the President (1) That we did not and do not want war and (2) That we wish no harm to the people of Mexico.

Boys will be boys and exuberance is pardonable. Universities, however, should do what they can at a time of excitement to set examples of soberness, clear thinking and consistency. Columbia students especially should remember that they are in the midst of a big city and see to it that their patriotic demonstrations are not war dances.

Now then, V. Huerta! Your move.

## CONTEMPT NO CURE.

WE WISH we could believe the near-riot precipitated in Park Row yesterday by I. W. W. and Anarchist orators who dared to proclaim the American flag "unfit to defend" will be a lesson to these cheap sedition mongers.

When the abuse of the nation and the flag became too shameful for the patience of the crowd, it tried to get at the speakers. The police behaved with caution and forbearance. They clubbed the bellicose and protected the assailed. Their clubbing was "fatherly," their protection effectual.

As long as these open air agitators are allowed to go on with their harangues and insults until they disgust and enrage their hearers to the point of violence, so long will they continue to abuse and sully the fair right of free speech.

Contempt is lost on the I. W. W.

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Born April 23, 1564.

He was a man of universal genius. From a period soon after his own era he has been universally idolized. It is difficult to compare him to any other individual. The only one to whom I can at all compare him is the wonderful Arabian dervish who lived into the body of each and every man and in that way became familiar with the thoughts and secrets of all hearts.

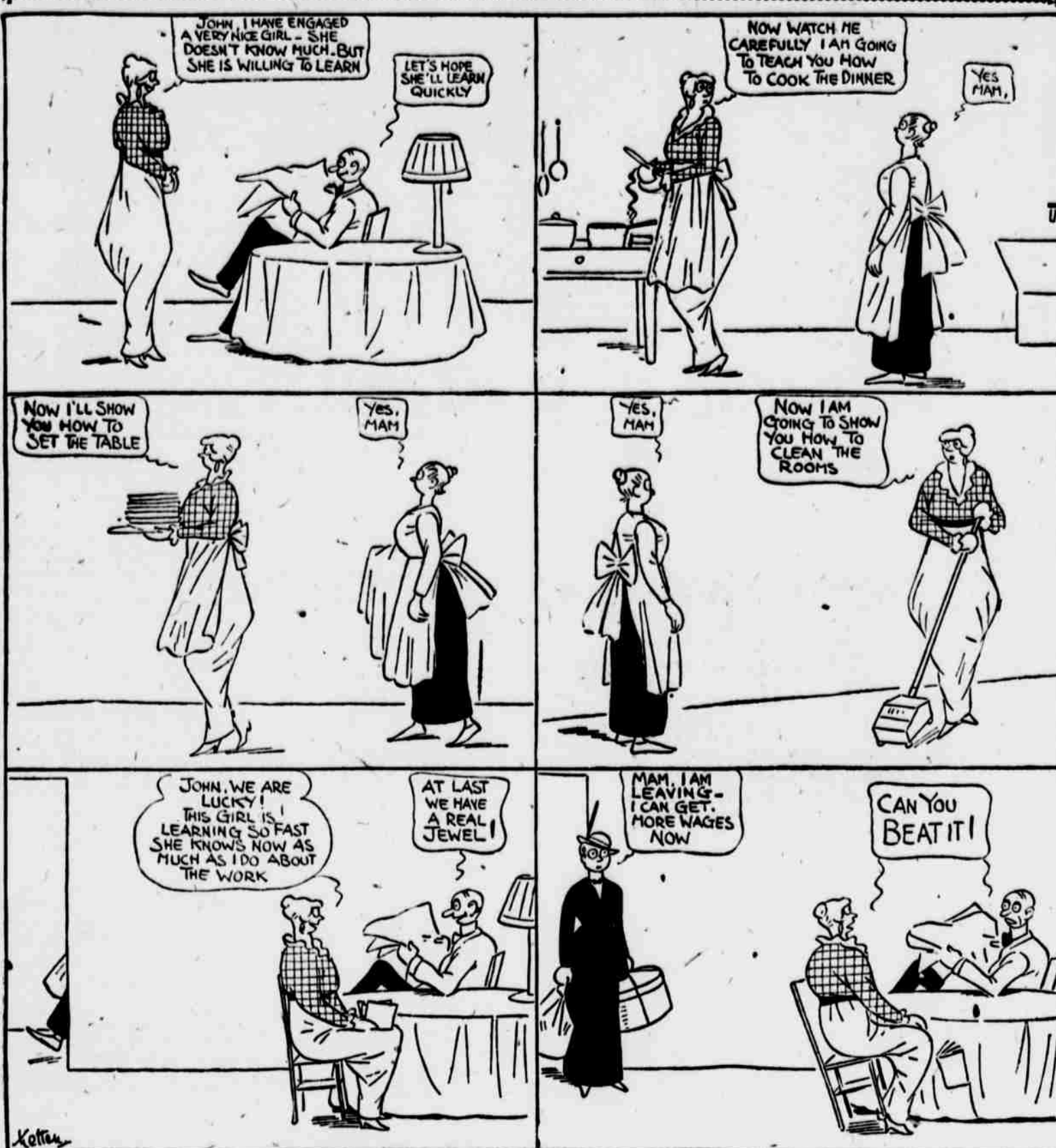
He was a man of obscure origin and, as a player, limited in his requirements. But he was born with a universal genius. His eye glanced at the various aspects of life and his fancy portrayed with equal felicity the king on the throne and the clown who cracked his chestnuts at the Christmas fire.

Whatever note he took he struck it just and true and awakened a corresponding chord in our bosoms.—Sir Walter Scott.

## Can You Beat It?

Copyright, 1914,  
by The Press Publishing Co.  
(The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



## This Is "Shakespeare Day"

"Bard of Avon" Was Born at Stratford Just Three Hundred and Fifty Years Ago.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

IN a rambling wood-and-stucco building—house and shop combined—set flush to the village street, lived John Shakespeare.

He was an illiterate but fairly prosperous glove-maker of Stratford-on-Avon. So ignorant was he that he could barely write his own name.

And, apparently, he could not even write that twice alike. For, among the records of his signature, it is found that he spelt it no less than sixteen different ways.

In the rambling old Shakespeare house, on April 23, 1564, was born the third of John's eight children (his first son), who three days later was christened William at the Stratford Church, and who was destined to make the ignorant old glove-maker's name immortal.

I am going to sketch briefly the story of William Shakespeare. It is only fair to say in advance that most of its happenings are built on word-of-mouth stories that may or may not have been true but that have been generally accepted for lack of anything more accurate to go on.

There is probably no great man in all the world's history of whom less is really known. No scrap of Shakespeare's handwriting (except the signatures of his will) exists. Not a single manuscript line from his plays or poems.

It is even doubted if his portraits are genuine. His "death mask" itself has been proven a fake.

Thus, no one knows, absolutely, what he wrote, whether he wrote at all, nor how he looked. It is learned from town records when and where he was born, christened and married, and the date and place of his death.

That is almost all. The rest is made up from a hodge-podge of rumors that may or may not be true. The popular version of his story is this:

He was taken from grammar school at thirteen and was set to work. This work included the killing of calves, whose skins his father used for gloves.

The boy used to make a tragedy event of each killing, and, according to Aubrey, "would do it in a high-silly and make a speech."

At eighteen, sorely against his father's wish, he was married to Anne Hathaway, a rustic spinster eight years older than himself. There is no reason to believe he wanted to marry Anne, that he lived happily with her or that he had any great affection for her or for their three children. In fact there are several reasons to believe the contrary.

Two years after his marriage came a series of wild pranks that forced Shakespeare to leave Stratford in a hurry. A protracted drinking bout which scandalized the good folk of Warwickshire was followed by the crime of deer-stealing.

The deer park that Shakespeare

robbed belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, a powerful local Magistrate. Jail, the cropping off of the thief's ears, and even worse punishment, were the penalties for such an offense.

Shakespeare fled by night from his home and family, and long afterward revenged himself by holding Sir Thomas Lucy up to bitter ridicule in one of his plays.

From Stratford vanished the twenty-year-old deer-thief. And what happened to him during the next six years is not even clearly guessed at. He simply disappeared.

Not until 1590 is he heard of again. Then, says the story, he was picking up a living by holding horses and doing other odd jobs around a London theatre.

He was then graduated to the stage itself; but never made any special reputation as an actor nor was entrusted with important roles.

Actors in those days were, in the eyes of the law, technical "vagrants," and were liable to arrest as such unless they or their managers had the luck to be under the patronage of some rich nobleman. The Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favorite, is said to have been the patron of one of Shakespeare's companies.

From acting, the immortal "vagrant" took to writing plays. And from that minute fame was his. We

doing other odd jobs around a London theatre.

He was then graduated to the stage itself; but never made any special reputation as an actor nor was entrusted with important roles.

Actors in those days were, in the eyes of the law, technical "vagrants," and were liable to arrest as such unless they or their managers had the luck to be under the patronage of some rich nobleman. The Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favorite, is said to have been the patron of one of Shakespeare's companies.

From acting, the immortal "vagrant" took to writing plays. And from that minute fame was his. We

A Tradesman's Son, He Ran Away From Home, Became a "Vagrant," and Won Immortality.

read that "Titus Andronicus" at the Globe Theatre was "turning them away" when other London playhouses could not make enough money to pay for heat and light.

Until Shakespeare's time most English plays had either been unrespectably foul or else of a scholarly dreariness that failed to grip audiences.

Shakespeare wrote plays that were not only beautiful in their poetry, but that were also with action and human interest. Naturally he scored an instant and mighty success—a success that brought down upon him a storm of hatred and envy from his fellow playwrights.

Robert Greene—one of the men whose plays were shelved in favor of Shakespeare's—wrote snarlingly of him:

"This upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, is, in his own conceit, the onlie 'Shake-scene' in the countrey."

Of all Shakespeare's plays, the plot of only one was original.

That was "Love's Labor Lost," one of his poorest. For the rest he took his plots and ideas from earlier plays or stories or from history itself. He acted in some of his own works; playing the Ghost in "Hamlet" and Adam in "As You Like It."

For more than a decade he wrote at the rate of a play every six months, or as often as his company required a new one.

He is said to have written "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in three weeks; at a hint from Queen Elizabeth, that she wished "to see Falstaff in love."

It is not on record that Shakespeare, during all his London life, sent to Stratford for his wife and his three children to join him.

Yet, with the savings of these years he returned at last to his old home; where he remained in homely comfort—the typical rich, self-made man—until his death in 1616.

This is no place to thresh out again the old question as to whether Shakespeare wrote the plays that bear his name, or whether Francis Bacon wrote them and used Shakespeare as a mask for his own authorship; nor to question how a man of Shakespeare's limited chances for education could have written such masterpieces.

Shakespeare, in every way, was literature's premier "Man of Mystery." And the mystery will never be cleared up.

Perhaps it was a fear lest some secret of his life might be discovered—perhaps it was only a precaution against having his skeleton exhumed to make way for a new body in the Stratford church yard—that led him to write his own strange epitaph (if indeed he did write it):

"Good friends, for Jesus sake forbear To dig the dust enclosed here! Blest be the man who spares these stones, But curst be he that moves my bones!"

## What Shakespeare Says About—

## WAR.

"Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee."

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just; And he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

"To be great Is not to stir without great argument, But greatly to find quarrel in a straw When honor's at the stake."

## LOVE.

"Love sought is good; but given unsought is better."

"Speak low if you speak love."

"Brief, as woman's love."

"Doubt thou the stars are fire; doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar; but never doubt I love."

"There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

## WOMEN.

"Fruitily, thy name is Woman!"

"She is a woman; therefore may be wooed. She is a woman; therefore may be won."

"Her voice was ever soft, Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman!"

"Such duty as the subject owes the Prince, Even such a woman oweth to her husband."

"This above all:—to thine own self be true; And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"Corruption wins not more than honesty. Be just and fear not."

## FRIENDSHIP.

"These friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul by hoops of steel."

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be; For loan oft loses both itself and friend."

## The Story of Our First War With Mexico

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

## NO. 1.—HOW IT STARTED.

THIS is the story of a war in which the United States troops almost always were outnumbered, always fought on foreign soil and did not lose a single battle. It was also our first war of conquest. Up to that time we had fought merely to defend our own land.

Back in the first third of the nineteenth century thousands of southern and western pioneers drifted across the border into Northern Mexico. They were fearless, quarrelsome men; rough-bred and not overcareful of other people's rights. And they had a thorough contempt and dislike for the "greasers," as they called their Mexican neighbors.

From the beginning there were clashes and misunderstandings between these United States settlers and the owners of the soil. The pioneers accused the Mexicans of oppressing them with unjust laws. The Mexicans charged the pioneers with land grabbing and general lawlessness. At last the smouldering hatred blazed into war.

The frontiersmen resolved to seize for themselves the huge Mexican tract in which they had settled—the region that is now the State of Texas. Mexico sent an army under Santa Ana to subdue them. Santa Ana despatched the following brief message to his subordinates:

"In this war there are no prisoners!"

At the Alamo mission and at Goliad and elsewhere the Mexicans penned small forces of Americans into towns or fortifications; then, besieged, stormed and massacred them. At the Alamo, for instance, in February and March, 1836, 188 pioneers, under Col. Travis and James Bowie (inventor of the Bowie knife) held the mission walls for days against about 2,400 Mexicans. When the Mexicans broke through the puny defenses every defender was killed. But it was a victory that cost Santa Ana 1,600 men.

A few weeks later, at San Jacinto, Sam Houston—"Man of Mystery"—almost annihilated a Mexican army far larger than his own and captured Santa Ana.

Texas was free. For a time it was a republic, with Houston for its president. Then he succeeded in having it annexed to the United States.

Meanwhile American ships had been plundered in the Gulf of Mexico, and American merchants' property seized in various Mexican cities. Our Government had remonstrated. Mexico had promised redress. The promises were broken. By 1840 no less than \$6,000,000 worth of Americans' property had been confiscated by Mexico.

All this, combined with the Texas war, had roused intensely bitter feeling everywhere. When, early in 1845, the United States annexed Texas the climax came. Mexico denied our right to annex the new territory and made a formal protest.

Then arose the boundary dispute. The Texans claimed that the Rio Grande was the dividing line between Texas and Mexico. The Mexicans declared that the Nueces River, much further north, was the boundary. The strip between the two rivers thus became "debatable ground."

President Polk, in July, 1845, sent Gen. Zachary Taylor to Texas with 1,500 men to protect Texas interests. A fleet under Commodore Connor was rushed to the Gulf of Mexico for the same purpose there.

Old Zachary Taylor was the Mexican war's real hero. He had been a pioneer, a farmer, an Indian fighter. He was supposed to be simple and bluff, a mere unthinking obeyer of orders, which was why Polk chose him as a catspaw. Here in brief is the idea: The prospect of a war with Mexico was not wholly popular in the United States. A large faction, including Abraham Lincoln, declared it iniquitous and believed it was planned by the Administration in order to add one more slave State to the Union and shed new glory on the Administration itself.

Polk was in a ticklish position. And, according to most historians, he sent Taylor—who was a Whig and his political enemy—into Texas to shoulder any unpleasant responsibility that might arise. Thus, should Taylor encroach on Mexican soil and should the move be unpopular in the United States, the Administration could disclaim it. So Taylor was sent—with somewhat indefinite orders as to what to do.

But Taylor was too wary an Indian fighter to be caught in such a trap. He halted his little army and refused to move forward until he had received definite and public instructions from the Administration. Polk's hands were forced. And he was obliged to take the responsibility.

He ordered Taylor to advance into the strip of "debatable ground" and (in January, 1846, when his 1,500 men had been reinforced to 4,000) to push on to the Rio Grande itself.

And there the first blow of the war was struck.

## Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

## CHAPTER XXI.

"WELL, they seemed to enjoy themselves," Jack remarked at the breakfast table. "You see, Sue, that even the stairs didn't prevent that."

"No, but did you notice that the janitor had put out the lights in the hall? I was so ashamed! You must speak to him, Jack, and tell him that when we have company and they stay late you will attend to the lights."

"All right, girlie, I'll play janitor or anything else to make you happy," kneeling me tenderly as he went out.

I looked proudly at him as he passed down the street, tall, erect, good-looking.

"Any woman might be glad to be his wife," I thought.

He was naturally full of life and fond of outdoor sports, most of which he had been obliged, for various reasons, to give up. He would have liked to go out to Vah Cortlandt Park, Saturday afternoons, and play golf, if I would have gone with him. But while I played very well and was fond of the game, I would not go because I did not have the latest in golfing clothes.

I had not as yet used any of the \$52 I had left of the money I had borrowed from Mrs. Somers. I tried to make myself believe that I was going to keep it until I could add enough to it to repay her. But all the time I knew that I would not, that I would not go without something I might want to pay this debt of honor to my husband; but I was that had almost ceased to worry me.

He began ordering little things over the telephone again. It was so easy, as Gerlie had said, and saved so much time. Their bills having been paid, the shopkeepers were only too willing I should run others, and although I knew as well as they did that if they were not paid promptly I should again be made uncomfortable, I allowed myself again to run in debt.

I did not want to be anything but a good wife; but I was. I would have indignantly denied that I was a hindrance to my husband; but I was. I would have been very angry if any one had said that I was extravagant and lived out of all proportion to our means; but I did. And this even though I kept no maid and did most of the work, the baby's sewing and the mending. In all that I did I was laying up sorrow and trouble for my husband and for myself.

Mrs. Somers had not forgotten her promise to take me to Mr. Howell's studio. She called me up one morning, and wanted to know if that afternoon would be convenient.

"Put on something pretty," she said.

"I shall be delighted to go with you, but I haven't the slightest idea she will have anything I can afford," she was trying to think if I were up to the mark.

"Well, I'll call for you anyway," she said as we left the car at the studio. And I murmured an assent, although I knew I ought not to have Mrs. Somers' look on my face.

How little I dreamed, as I thought of the small sum I had paid her each time, of the unwarranted extravagance I should soon commit.

(To Be Continued.)